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The True Woman.

Edited by Mrs. Charlotte C. McKay.

Vol. II.—No. 2.] BALTIMORE, APRIL, 1872. [Price 5 Cents.

Chastity.

So dear to heaven is saintly chastity
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
Ten thousand liveried angels lackey her,
Driving far off each thought of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on the outward shape—
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turn it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

—*Milton.*

[For the True Woman.]

Sophisms of the Suffragists.

By Mrs. Dahlgren.

In the discussion of this question of Woman Suffrage, *the exceptional* is constantly mistaken for the common or general rule. It seems, incident to the movement itself, that a confusion of ideas, as to the practical application of facts, should continually occur.

It is not very encouraging as a proof of woman's capacity to deal with hard logic, and the sequence of subjects that she attempts to grasp, to listen to the innumerous and irrelevant arguments unceasingly advanced in support of their doctrines, and which leave no real bearing upon the mooted points.

It would almost appear as if these so-called strong-minded, were engaged in a crusade in order to prove how weak-minded, illogical, and womanish in debate, the sex really are. The fact is, that the mass of anecdote, incident, and complaint, which form the subject-matter of these Woman's Rights meetings, when tested in the crucible of calm reasoning, will be found to be entirely disconnected with the ballot, and that this proposed change would be not only quite inefficacious as a remedy, but would actually aggravate the evils enumerated. In the Holy Scriptures, the Deity pathetically complains that "no man thinketh in his heart," and to this irremediable want of just discrimination, which would enable mankind to take the true measure of things, we must attribute the immense amount of froth which covers the mental surface of the world. Thus we often see appeals to caprice, stir the foam of this vast ocean, when truth fails to dissipate the bubble.

So in these women's conventions, if we try our alembic of logical connection, the whole substance resolves itself into mere dross with a gilding. The troubles described may exist, but the ballot, when applied as a remedy, is a nostrum. One of their regularly produced narratives may be thus summed up:—Miss Smith, an energetic, pains-taking spinster, in some fatal moment of weakness, allows herself to be inveigled into matrimony, by that thriftless tyrant, Mr. Jones. Not only had Miss Smith been fully able to support herself, before she made this dreadful mistake, but over and above accomplishing this success, she had accumulated a snug sum of money, the result of well-directed efforts. The fact is, Mr. Jones proves the worst investment Miss Smith has made, and the wretch neglects her, and husbands the money. Mrs. Jones finds that marriage is slavery; that she is a victim enchained; that the horrid man for whom she sacrificed her independence, only cares for her comfort in proportion as she most effectively contributes to his. She rushes to the platform of woman's rights, and demands the ballot. Well, the ballot, and pray, how is the ballot to reform the tyrannical simpleton whom she has chosen as her companion? Cannot Mrs. Jones understand that the real trouble grew out of her own want of judgment in that special best act of woman's life, and that having failed where sound sense might have helped her, she is not a very competent person to dictate to her more fortunate, more contented, because more sensible sisters. Not so fast, my dear Mrs. Jones, we cannot be induced to introduce the element of discord you propose, into our own happy homes, in the visionary hope of making a Solon of Mr. Jones. Again, we have presented to us, the more interesting, although equally stereotyped picture of the unfortunate woman who has allied herself to the man who presented to her fancy an ideal type of excellence, which he never possessed, and bitter is her anguish when she discovers the villainous deception; and we are asked to give the ballot as a protection against over-mastering wrong! We would willingly aid our sorrowing sister to bear her trouble, but we cannot understand that any power of coercion claimed for the ballot, may be used to reform this unworthy man, and bring that peace into the weary household which may alone result from affection and respect. How is the ballot to reform the drunkard, the gambler, the profligate? No! No! Virtue is Heaven-born, and to Heaven alone must we look for the miracle of this second birth, which elevates the depraved. We are especially called upon to protect the ruined women, victims of man's worst treachery, with the ballot; we are bid to arm these unfortunates with the ballot, and thus enable them to *demand* redress. Worse and worse. Can *this* justice be *enforced?* No! a thousand times no! It can only be found in those moral forces, to be evoked out of an exalted and purified sentiment in society. Let us zealously aim, by our modest ways and virtuous example, to produce such blessed result. Just so far as we succeed in making men good, do we protect the otherwise unprotected. We would with gentlest pity bring healing, but in our ministrations, the ballot finds no place. Away with the fire-brand!

In the endless procession of human woe, we next behold the poor seamstress—and the suffragist cries out, "take away the accursed needle—displace the distaff—arm *her* with the ballot!" Wonderful Statescraft, remarkable comprehension of the great law of *supply and demand!* My dear seamstress, you ask for bread, and they give you a stone. Wipe your tear-stained, over-worked eyes, and let each one of you who is conscious of other capabilities, leave your too serried ranks, seek other channels of employment; prepare yourselves for other avocations and departments of usefulness. We open the doors of industrial schools, and we look to your trained labor, to ensure a more fitting recompense. What if a hungry host of men were to cry out, "we can only do one thing, and we will *all do* just this, and no other thing?" Masses of men do this, and these unskilled men must dig and delve forever, strain muscle and sinew, just as you strain nerve. God help the unskilled labor of the world in this age of all others, where machinery, in its practical development of brain-power, walks ruthlessly over the world, like some annihilating car of Juggernaut, crushing out the life-blood of the millions in the dust. And here comes the Agrarian, holding aloft the ballot to woman—red-flag of perdition—Our Bellona, shrieks the ballot—the ballot to despoil the hoarding avaricious rich, and, open-handed, distribute equally to all—Surprising ignorance of the value of *relative forces.* Let us suppose it possible that the brain-power and the mere physical labor-power of the world, be placed for *one instant* at a common starting-point, what would the second duration of time produce? *Inequality.* Why this very condition of things, to the eye of faith, clearly forms a part of the Divine plan. It arose originally, as a penalty of sin, yet through it the Christian rich and poor, are bound in one loving tie. The Rich, Stewards of the Lord, relieve the necessities of the poor; and the poor, in turn, are ennobled by sentiments of grateful appreciation. The only Utopia possible, to ameliorate this wide-spread human woe, must come through that charity which blesses alike those who give and those who receive. Compared to this beneficence, how terrible the "bloody Commune," defying right with the ballot, bearing aloft a standard upon which is inscribed "*property is theft.*"

Then we have that scarlet horror, "free-love," demanding the ballot, in order to destroy with insane hands, the only foundation-stone of the social compact. Let Christian marriage be destroyed, and prostitution be legalized, and let the wretched progeny of such impious connections be handed over to *the State* to educate. And Christian wives and mothers are asked to assent to this compulsory education.

Then we have the milder cry, "No taxation without representation." This demand, as applied to Female Suffrage, is only a part of their systematic denial of Christian marriage, and their utter want of comprehension of the organization of the Christian family. In this patriarchal grouping, *unity* must exist; the father is the head and *representative* of the outside life; the mother, the central point of the home life—where she moulds opinions that will represent her far beyond her own natural life. The functions here as citizens, must be correlative and opposite. "But what of single women," a stern voice exclaims, shaking a blue-cotton umbrella in our very face. My dear Individuality, you are an exception to nature's laws, and you must endure the abnormal position, and not ask the State to legislate for celibates, except, perhaps, to enable you to vote on the one subject where you are aggrieved, and inflict by your legislation such penalties on the selfishness of unmarried men, such heavy fines, as to force them to change their cruel minds, and allow you that *proper representation* which is your right in the State. But we cannot frame general laws, involving the common safety, to meet exceptional discontent.

Again, we are greeted with a cry of rage, over *suppressed energies*, and we are told that it is a great wrong to deprive women who can sing, dance, or declaim well, of that vantage ground of public appreciation. Let no "pent-up Utica contract the powers" of a Rev. Madam! Let her scatter benediction in mellifluous accents, broadcast! We reply, that when the voice of inspiration and of tradition shall fail to teach us that the Apostle Paul was in earnest, and spoke for all time, then may we begin to feel that no malediction may come through a departure from the Christian rule, and we may, perhaps, not be too stupid to understand that a necessity exists for woman to use her tongue everlastingly and everywhere. May women dance in public? Assuredly, whenever it can be proven that by such exhibitions the public morals are ennobled and purified. May women sing in public? If God grants the marvelous gift so near akin to Heaven, we would not deprive the world of harmonies which may elevate it to ideal thoughts. Yet, even this, only if so be that that individual soul is so enwrapt in the exaltation it produces in others, as to be itself shielded from all harm—*Genius* over-rides all rule—nor may we place measure or bound to that which borrows the winged glory of the Infinite. And here pitches in our suffragist with her wonderful facility of sophism, and cries out, "Let us *all* speak in public; let there be a common rule; let us all be generals, admirals, senators, legislators, nay, even presidents! Let us blow the ballot trumpet-tongued from the very house-tops!" Spare, oh spare us, good suffragist, this *omnium-gatherum* of Babel! As yet, we are not prepared to confound the cackling of geese, the croaking of ravens, the braying of platitudes, the wizen-pipings of peahens, with the entrancing melody of the nightingale. We may surrender our reason to the delicious illusions which genius creates, yet let the common-place never aspire to the exceptional, but rather shrink back into a conformity with that common law—its destiny. What *may be done* by some great and gifted woman, can never be cited as a safe rule for general adoption—genius has always a special mission. We may allow ourselves to admire *one* Joan of Arc, for we know very well that nature seldom repeats her miracles; and that these departures from the common law, in place of nullifying the general law, only make it the stronger. We have faith to hope that the equipoise will continue to be preserved which makes "Order, Heaven's first law."

[For The True Woman.]

Meretriciousness in Dress.

Without going down to the etymology of the word, or dealing with its signification in its bad sense, we will adhere to its more transcendant meaning, as applied to a certain manner in every kind of art, by which it appeals to the sensual plane of the mind, and captivates, by producing there, a pleasurable excitement. Meretriciousness, then, is something which the true artist always avoids. It is æsthetically detestable; whether in painting, poetry, music, sculpture, eloquence or architecture. These are the dresses of the human thought. The same rules that a Ruskin would apply to these, may be applied by every individual in every art he pursues.

The art of clothing that body in which God has clothed a human soul, is not a thing unworthy of thought. If we could see at a glance how many of the industries of the world are occupied in it, we should begin to fancy it the greatest work of life. We do all think about it, and in the nature of things must do so. Let us, then, learn to think rightly. Female raiment is a pet theme for the satirist. The reformer busies himself with this. Religion utters its oracles on this all-absorbing topic. It is the principal employment of nine-tenths of the women of the world; and what a mess is made of it after all. There must be some rules to guide one in the art of dressing well. Waiting until they are more fully developed, let us find at least what should be avoided. "Cease to do evil" always precedes "learn to do well."

The one quality to be avoided, is meretriciousness. At the present day it so rules in the fashion of our garments, that it is hard to avoid it. Female dress is now invented for the meretricious. Fashions are got up by bad people, for bad purposes, and can scarcely help being bad and leading to badness. Hence the duty is stronger as the necessity is greater to avoid this bad quality.

The dress should express what the soul ought to be, rather than what the body is. Cleanliness is its foundation good quality. This, like the blueness of sky and water, and the clear green of field and forest, expresses purity. All the beauty of nature comes from its expressiveness of celestial attributes, so the dress of a woman ought to represent something of that high ideal which we call the feminine soul. Simplicity, sincerity, gentleness, refinement, taste, as well as purity, can symbolize themselves in dress. But what can we say when the raiment speaks only of evil things? When it is not clean, or is disorderly, or extravagant, or full of seductive enticement for the eye of sense? This is meretriciousness. Avoid it. You wish to attract? Well, attract the soul by what the soul loves. Everything beyond this is enticement, and not attractiveness. It is hard to say exactly where to draw the line here. Meretriciousness is expressed more in color than in form, though even sculpture can be guilty of it. Still, when a profusion of ornament characterizes a fashion, she who would avoid meretriciousness, must limit her dress in the line of color. One color, if the dress be richly made, is enough. More than two colors in one complete costume is distracting. The statuesque is always good in style.

To our young friends who are preparing for some better place in life than that of a mere butterfly, especially to those who hope to guide the minds of others, to be teachers, we would emphatically say avoid meretriciousness in dress. Don't friz your hair like bacchantes, nor display its length and luxuriousness to every eye. Never let the cosmetics on your faces hinder the eloquent blood to come and go upon your cheeks with every feeling's varying mood. No artificial rose is half so sweet as a blush. Tone down the fashion, on your persons, and do not exaggerate it as the manner of some is. You aim at a higher success in life than is to be gained by a taller hat, a larger necktie, a more protruding *panier*, or more dangling strings and ribbons, than your fellows. We don't forbid you to think of your dress—far from it! Think of it with the same conscientious intelligence that is applicable to other things. Avoid what is wrong and foolish in it, and above all things, avoid meretriciousness. L.

During the past month, Senator Scott, of Pennsylvania, has presented to the United States Senate, two petitions—one of 501 names—the other of 396 names, protesting against Female Suffrage. Of this number, 623 were headed, "*Working-women of Philadelphia.*"

The Mother's Magazine, (New York), now in its fortieth year, maintains its long established character of helpfulness for daughters and sisters, as well as mothers.

[For The True Woman.]

Aid for Working Women.

By Mrs. W. G. Wheaton.

Mrs. Editor:—I notice in your issue for March, an appeal, "To the brotherhood and congregations of the different Churches of the City of Baltimore," to aid in devising some means by which the sufferings of the "sewing women" of that city may be relieved. There are many things standing in the way of doing this class any permanent good, such as their physical weakness, their inability to do any kind of work well, and many other things; but I would like to call attention to one obstacle, which, I think, calls for some reformatory action on our part. I allude to the universal disgrace attached to the performance of household labor, which causes so many American girls to seek any other, even questionable, means of support. I was once a member of an association whose object was to help this same class of poor "sewing women" by finding homes for them in the country, where they could do housework. The association was virtually a failure, because a very large proportion of these wretched, half starved, half clothed women, preferred to live on in their misery rather than do housework. Why is this? Have we any work to do in our homes that would degrade any housewife to perform? Far from it! On the contrary, housework is woman's legitimate, most appropriate work. Rightly appreciated, understood and performed, together with the duties of wife and mother, it develops her body, mind, affections and spiritual being, with the most harmonious proportions of wifehood, motherhood and womanhood. Degraded, shunned, despised and scorned as it now is, women dwindle into mere "pocket venuses," parlor ornaments, expensive luxuries, which honest men cannot support, and which many a young man has sacrificed his integrity, and become a *forger* or *defaulter* to obtain.

Once make housework or the performance of domestic duties, if you prefer that term, as fashionable as teaching or handling fancy dry goods, and the great cry for new fields of labor for women would be comparatively unheard. Ought honest, necessary work to degade any one, man or woman? Why should a woman be called a servant who does housework for pay any more than one who labors for money in any other capacity? If we could once kill this unworthy idea that wrongs woman so deeply, we could employ a far more capable and intelligent class of laborers in our homes: a class we could trust, respect and honor. Ignorant, dishonest Betties would no longer wave the sceptre of power over our housewives, and the *great problem* of "domestic" help would be solved. This is the point. *Degrade any labor and you can only get degraded persons to perform it. Exalt labor, and in proportion will honest, capable persons apply for it.* This is why we are so often obliged to take the stupid, the ignorant or the vicious into our homes, as a *necessary evil*, an element of corruption, discord and incapacity, *polluting our children*, and poisoning our moral atmosphere. Where can be found a band of noble women, with good common sense and moral courage, sufficient to begin this much needed reform, and give intelligent, capable young women, doing housework, the same positions of respect and honor we accord to clerks, teachers and seamstresses? There are many well educated and really refined American girls, who, for many reasons, would prefer doing housework to teaching or any other employment; but the moment they attempt it, especially in our so-called "*best families*," they are given to understand, in the most unmistakable manner, both in public and private, that they are no longer eligible to the society they have been accustomed to. They are everywhere snubbed and treated as though they were engaged in some immoral or disgraceful business, till they feel very much as though they had committed some crime. The women who employ them, and who have, perhaps, themselves risen from the depths of poverty to luxurious wealth, treat them with the least possible consideration or respect, as though they were abject slaves, or senseless automatons, instead of intelligent, capable, sensitive American women, breathing the free air of a glorious *Republic*, whose noblest Statesmen, best Presidents, and most honored women have worked their way, with incessant toil, from the lowest to the topmost round of the *ladder* of *fame*. Is it strange, when we look at this condition of things, that proud, spirited young women, should prefer almost any kind of existence rather than this kind of *servitude*, with their own sex as task-mistresses?

But, I shall be asked, would you have *all* women do housework? Certainly not. I would have them do any honest *womanly* work they have a *real capacity* for. But I would have the *ban* and *disgrace* removed from domestic service, and this employment, so necessary to the health, happiness and comfort of the whole human race, elevated to the dignity its importance demands—at least on a level with other trades open to women. What a mighty change for the better this one reform would produce in the morals of the women of our country, especially if every housewife constitute herself the *guardian* and *guide* of her *domestic assistants*. Again I ask, where are the women who will begin this reform? The Woman Suffragists have only made this matter worse.

The New York *Times* suggests as a short cut to suffrage, the assumption of the masculine dress by women. It says: "Let them go to the polls in the requisite habiliments, and no one will refuse their votes." We think the editor forgets the registration law. That tells the tale. Allow us to suggest an idea here. Why should a man be named John, and a woman Mary? What a tyrannical custom is this? Coats and pants can't conceal the fact that Mary Smith is a woman. But break up the absurd custom to which we allude. Have "no law that discriminates as to sex," and let the mothers of the land name their little girls William and George, and their boys Jane and Margaret, as they like. Then the registration papers tell no tales, and a tailor settles the question. Our adversaries may have this idea gratis.

Mrs. Madelcine V. Dahlgren.

"Although Mrs. Dahlgren leads the van of the opposition to Woman Suffrage, it is worthy of notice that she demonstrates, by her own action, the capacity of woman for many of the duties ordinarily monopolized by men. As the widow of the inventor of the invaluable heavy Dahlgren guns and light howitzers, and as the mother of his now fatherless children, she has prepared and presented to Congress a petition for the compensation which seems to be justly due to the late Admiral Dahlgren, for the use of these famous inventions by our navy, especially during the rebellion. She acts as her own counsel in this matter, and lately appeared before the Naval Committee to press her claim in person. When a woman can act as administratrix, lawyer, memorialist, etc., it seems putting too fine a point on it to say she ought not to vote."

The above, taken from *Woodhull and Claflin's Weekly*, seems rather a point to count on our side than on that of our adversaries. For if a woman having all the merits of Mrs. Dahlgren lays no claim to the right to vote, who can demand it?

Epiphany House of Mercy.

The good work inaugurated by the Rev. Hugh Roy Scott, at 185 Ann Street, is gradually increasing in prosperity and efficiency. About twenty girls now find there constant employment in the various departments of sewing. Besides the ordinary tailoring work, we saw some as beautifully made garments for ladies' wear as could be be got up at the best establishments in this city. Mr. Scott has also commenced to teach the art of printing to women; and nothing can be more interesting than a visit to the neat, pleasant rooms, where five or six young ladies are busily employed in type setting. The success of the enterprise is certain. Already young girls, who have only been setting type for two months, can do one-third as much work as a capable and well-instructed man. Not only "Our Church Work" and the "Monitor" are printed in this establishment, but the young ladies are busy in setting up the types for books.

Mr. Scott proposes extending his grand scheme of charity, begun in this house, in various ways; and we say to all who wish really to help women, to come to the aid of the Rev. Hugh Roy Scott, or at least to visit the *Epiphany House of Mercy*, and judge for themselves.

The True Woman.

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Baltimore, Md., April, 1872.

As a majority of our new subscribers wish to have their year begin with January, we shall, to avoid confusion, send to all from that month. Subscribers for the present year will therefore please consider their subscription as running from January, 1872, to January, 1873.

THE Female Suffragists, undaunted by their defeat at the hands of our national legislators, have determined to try their metal against those of the separate States. The bundle of sticks that could not be broken *en masse* may be shivered in detail. In New Hampshire, Mrs. Livermore is cheering on the Republicans with promises to throw herself and her party in their arms, if they will only let her vote, while in Connecticut, Mrs. Hooker is doing the same thing with the Democrats. Not a a very good augury for the halcyon days of "peace and good will," only attainable by Female Suffrage.

We call on all the true women of the the various States to be on the watch for these mischievous movements of the female politicians. Let the opponents of Female Suffrage combine to counteract these dangerous efforts. If petitions are sent to the State Legislatures by our adversaries, let us send in opposing ones. The same zeal and good sense manifested in the Capital of each State, as has been brought to bear on the minds of our rulers at Washington, will result as favorably for our cause in every State Legislature.

IN the late Convention held by the National Woman's Suffrage Association, like that held by the Boston Branch, the personnel did not come up to expectation or programme. No Mrs Woodhull, no Mrs. Stanton, no Miss Anthony—only the lesser lights were there. The attendance was somewhat better, in point of numbers at least. The principal speakers were men—Andrew Jackson Davis and Mr. Stebbins. Mr. A. J. D. talked wide of the mark, and got things pretty well mixed. He seemed to throw the onus of opposition to female suffrage on Protestantism, and prophesied the crushing out of Protestantism between the upper and nether millstones of the higher church, Spiritualism, and Roman Catholicism. So far, the Catholics show no tendency to coalesce with the Spiritualists; at least, so far as to favor female suffrage. Mr. Davis very ludicrously attributed the celebrated sentiment* (1 Esdras, 12: iii,) to Mr. Fox. Mr Stebbins congratulated Baltimore on the sympathy shown by the size of the audiences, with the female suffrage question, and said it would be a new tie to bind this city with Michigan, and exhibited a queer idea of his knowledge of the state of trade between this city and the far West, when he spoke of a Baltimore man building his house with lumber cut in the "forests of Michigan." Pretty expensive lumber that!

Mrs. Ballou was the favorite among the lady speakers. She has a piquant and saucy air, which was very well received. She announced herself a reverend, said she performed the marriage ceremony, and that folks stayed married when she did so, just as long as when a man tied the knot; that she always introduced into the ceremony, the clause making her marrying binding, so long as the parties should love one another—that being so long as God held them married. She read to the audience, and commented on a new Constitution for the United States, which does away with all right of property in land, any more than in the air or the water. Then she announced that the Government of the United States did not own any of the land it sells or gives away, and indulged in a variety of flippant theories of government and human rights generally. Mrs. Belva Lockwood spoke loudly and forcibly; at one time putting down Mrs. Ballou with a school-marmish emphasis. All admitted that they had not had the show of a chance with Congress, which henceforth they anathematize, and announce their determination to have what they ask in spite of all opposition, breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who refuse to yield them their desire.

What success the Convention had pecuniarily, we can only guess by the fact that at the last meeting but one, the President announced that one-fourth of what was necessary to meet expenses had not yet been raised, notwithstanding the hat had been faithfully passed round at every meeting.

Some of our contemporaries of the daily press expressed the opinion that the Convention did not do its usual amount of theorizing. We demur to this. Our report will show that the wildest and most revolutionary theories were presented—theories threatening the very existence of well established religions; theories stripping the government of its land titles, and of course the titles it has given; theories that take away the farm and the ground rent from every individual—to say nothing of those that, by disestablishing marriage, sap the very foundations of all social order, and make chaos and ancient night resume their sway. By the consanguinity of ideas, all these things are naturally mixed up with female suffrage, and must ever reappear with it.

Declaring that the era of peace and good will to men is to be inaugurated by woman suffrage, they propose to bring about the same by a "bloody Paris Communal Revolution," at the same time exhibiting among the party leaders of their cause a dissonance of opinions far from predicative of that peace they so loudly prophecy.

*But above all things, truth beareth away the victory.

Woman Suffrage in Iowa.

There was a time in the political history of these United States, that every party appealed to reason, to right, and to justice. Even though they might be harnessed to the unpleasant task of making "the worse appear the better side," it still had to be done, or to retire from the field; for, without a fair show of both reason and justice, one might as well sign his own political death-warrant as to try for success in an other way.

But the times are changed. Men may go headlong into any extravagance, even dig a mine, and put a torpedo under every man's dwelling, and be as silent as the grave, as to a reason why he did it; or, what he expected from it. Witness the proceedings in the House of Representatives, the other day, passed silently, without a word spoken to inform us why it was done; or, why they that did not so vote, opposed it.

Is not this a strange procedure? What though the vote of the House is not final in the matter? Is it not a *quasi* assent to a final vote in that direction? And is it not a vote to urge the people to a like sly and cunning evasion of argument in favor of a measure, sure to fall, when forced to abide the scrutinies of reason, of right, of justice; and more than all, of the sanction of high Heaven? It is an easy thing to say pretty things about God on the written paper, while the "tables of the heart" strike fire against His great foundation, as the steel-smitten flint throws sparks from its very hardness of resistance. We shall see how many of those that voted "yea" on this matter will return to the next House. "THE TRUE WOMAN," of Baltimore, is beginning to circulate, and is a power in the cause of good morals, and the sacredness of God's order, and the truthfulness of nature's great response to his law.—*Des Moines Leader.*

What Horace Greeley knows about needlework—

"Distressed women do distressed needlework."
Horace Greeley.

[For The True Woman.]

An Expression of Trust and Prayer for Deliverance from Temptation.

By W. B. S.

Not in my strength, or proper sight,
To tell me how to walk,
Is my dependence for the fight,
For rightful views or talk.
But only in Thy strength and care,
I turn from vain deceit,
And break with ev'ry step a snare,
That threatens at my feet.

In God's protection firm I tread,
Yet fear temptation's bait;
Well knowing that both heart and head,
Must at truth's altar wait.
If I to evil turn aside,
And lose Thy truth's defence,
Thy peace cannot with me abide,
For tears of penitence.

Then guard me with Thy strong right arm,
And turn my foes aside;
O Lord, smite down the ills that harm,
And let me in Thee hide.
Yea, more than all, my heart subdue
From pride, and lust of wrong;
Then shall I prosper in the view
Of help, DIVINELY strong!

[For The True Woman.]

Lines to Kate.

There is a legend, mythical and old,
Of a strange fountain, somewhere flowing, told,
Whose tasted waters keep the fair young face
Changelessly beautiful and full of grace.
O! could we find it—drink—and thus retain
Our youthful beauty, what would be our gain?
Could the poor pilgrim, who, with staff in hand,
Groans on his road, by its cool margin stand,
What his reward for summer's ardor borne?
What his soul's joy on that new risen morn?
But autumn's moon, or winter's frozen snow,
Will never this successful pilgrim know.
Deep dells, like dusk, far down the shady slope
Where summer sleeps, may whisper to his hope,
But still the hours—the night—the tangled way—
Witness the ceaseless steps of his decay.
What myth is this? Does no such fountain rise
To make one spot of earth a Paradise?
None! All its skies are bleak, its roses die,
Each blessing loses its intensity.
What then? Oh, is it fancy? Let me think!
Is there no fount of life I still may drink?
Blest Heaven! we need not tread through wood-land far,
For such a spring rises 'neath Jacob's star;*
Its streaming ray shines on a purple flood,
A fountain glowing with Emmanuel's blood!
Drink of this life-renewing water, Kate,
Sweeter than that by which the captive sate,
Dearer than that which o'er Judea poured,
Where humble, holy John, baptized his Lord.
And as, within, these heavenly waters glow,
Younger, more innocent, your soul shall grow;
Pure, like the good, exalted, like the blest,
Yours, endless youth, and yours eternal rest! R.

*Num. 24: xvii; Matt. 2: ii.

[*From the N. Y. Times.*]

"DOES everybody realize the pallid, doughy, and generally uninteresting complexion to which the Women Suffrage Cause has come? The *Revolution* has subsided without one coy murmur into the embrace of a religious weekly. From Boston comes the rumor that the *Woman's Journal* is in a bad way—sadly out-at-elbows, in fact, and growing pinched on a starveling diet of subscription. There's a vague whisper floating about to the effect that some frantic souls are endeavoring to start a new paper advocating the Cause. They are only waiting for somebody to subscribe ten thousand dollars. The moon will probably fall about the time that plum does. The leaders keep up their silly little struggles for precedence, but nobody pays any attention—it is too old and threadbare a story. Their offence is always rank, and that quarrel will never be stopped until they are like the members of Captain Artemus Ward's valiant militia company—all brigadier generals."

To which we may add that the (Baltimore) *Crucible*, organ of Spiritualism, Woman Suffrage and Free-Love, which brayed so bravely a few weeks since against Christian marriage, the Bible, "THE TRUE WOMAN," etc., is in a state of suspended animation, waiting, perhaps, for the spirits to move its resurrection.

Correspondence.

[*From St. Louis.*]

AT a meeting of our "Woman's Board of Missions," the remark was made that some persons, not acquainted with the subject, *feared* it was connected with Woman Suffrage. We signed this petition, and a lady circulated it in the suburbs where she lived, to show them we were opposed to it. In going over the city, we found the model wives and mothers *universally opposed* to woman's becoming a politician, and all seemed to feel that the *men would not force this upon us against our wishes.* One lady, who has large possessions here, was asked if she did not wish to vote, and control her taxes. She said *no*—she felt it was *safer* to trust the *men*, than those females who wish to rule over us. There are some women who are demonstrative and wish to do something, others seek notoriety, and the sole object of others is to make money by lecturing. I blush when I read the newspaper puffs. They praise their silks and velvets, their laces and jewels, their curls, their pretty hands and feet, their smiles and enticing ways; but their *arguments* have very little weight. A distinguished president in one of our colleges made the remark that "he should consider it next to the fall in Eden for woman thus to go out of her sphere." Be assured, the ladies of St. Louis and of Missouri do not wish for this change. There is deep feeling on the subject, and *strong* opposition to it.

[*From Dr. J. Stearns, Washington.*]

Permit me to congratulate you on the continued excellence and increasing interest of your paper. It is not essential that a thing should be big to give much light and sparkle.

[*Baltimore American.*]

THE TRUE WOMAN for March commences the second volume of this excellent monthly. In its task of opposing the rabid notions with which the "Reformers" propose to infect American women, it is becoming both popular and powerful. The present number is an improvement on any of its predecessors.

[*Sunday Telegram.*]

THE TRUE WOMAN, a number one Baltimore publication, has entered upon the second year of its existence.

As an instance of the happy manner in which female intelligence, knowledge and sympathy may be sometimes brought into play most usefully, we insert the following anecdote from the pen of one of our correspondents:

The Cow of Preveranches.

The traveler that follows the ordinary path of the tourist marked out in the guide books, walking in all the ways of Baedeker and Balepetsch or by the light of the ever-luminous Murray, may see Switzerland, but hardly the Swiss. One must go out of the beaten track to do this. In fact, one must take up one's abode in a Swiss village. In the beautiful canton of the Pays de Vaud, on the northern side of the Lake of Geneva, between Lausanne and Morges, there are a number of these village settlements. The outspread land, with fields and vineyards, unseparated either from the roads or from each other, is divided by invisible lines into innumerable small properties. The owners of these *terres* live not upon them, as our farmers do on their lands, but all their homes are huddled together, forming a village such as Launy, Préveranches and many others. Each house in the village has, under the one roof, accommodations for all the family, including horse, cows, goats and pigs. In one of these villages, it so happened, that we spent a sweet, short, delightful, and never-to-be-forgotten month.

You must know that in a Swiss family, the cow is no unimportant member. She is daintily housed, and curried, and cared for. She lodges very near ourselves, and the bleating of her calf, and her own maternal lowings, are some of our most familiar sounds. Twice a day she and all the other kine are brought out and driven to the public fountain, where they slake their thirst and indulge in a variety of pleasant gambols according to their temperament, youth and spirits. Our cow was a beauty—and her calf, *quel veau charmant.* But *one* had sold it, and the wonderful amount of milk that *one* had, quite hardened our hearts to the maternal anguish of the bereaved mother. It was August, but the nights were cool; the cow had taken too much cold water, or what do I know, anyhow she had taken cold. We only knew by the hushed voices and dejected countenances at first, that something was wrong. On inquiry, we discovered the malady.

"Oh, madam, it is a great pity, but what to do? *Pauvre créature*, she will die to-night." "What to do?" "There is no doctor in the village." One of our party, herself a young mother, was all pity for the poor

suffering cow. She went to see her. The animal lay breathing heavily, and moaning as if in great pain. Her udder was swollen and tender, and no milk could be drawn. "Poor beast," said she; "can nothing be done for her?" The case was reported to me, as I was the oldest of the party, and had some reputation for medical skill in feminine matters. "I never prescribed for a sick cow in my life," I said, "but I suppose the rule would be, do exactly what you would for a human being in such a case, only 'more so.'" "Is there no one in the village that knows how to treat a cow in such a plight?" "No, madam, *quel dommage.*" "Well," I said, "let's imagine that she is a fellow-creature, and act accordingly." "Have you any beeswax and oil and camphor?" "Oh, plenty, plenty," was the response. Then I said, "Melt all these together, and when they are quite warm, gently rub the udder with them; then get a quantity of cotton batting and cover all the swollen parts." The enterprising young mother, whose husband was a physician at home, seemed to comprehend the situation immediately. "So you think the cow has what old nurses call the weed?" "Exactly." "I see," said she, and soon she had all the available force of the house under her orders. A good, strong man's hand applied the unguent, the envelope was prepared and well adjusted; next, a dose of castor-oil was given, and some warm drink after it; then a huge comforter from the boys' bed brought, and the poor shivering beast snugly wrapt up and left for a little while. "Now," I said, "you must not leave her until you get the milk to flow." "Ah, poor animal," said her mistress in tears, "if she only lives. She will never give milk again." "Yes, she will," I said—I, who had never seen a sick cow in my life, but had seen many a sick woman—"you must persevere. Continue to rub from time to time, and try to draw the milk." It was late at night, and I retired; but the devoted villagers sat up all night with their cow, and in the morning when our coffee was served, the smiling face of our *cuisiniere*, whose sister owned the cow, gave us assurance that the cow was not dead. "Is she better?" we asked. "Ah, madam, she is saved, but the milk comes hot." "Don't be afraid," I said; "all will be right; keep the cow warm, and persevere in milking her."

The most assured veterinary surgeon could not have spoken with greater confidence of his case. Our certainty was inspiring. They did persevere, and in two or three days our surgery was rewarded by seeing our lady-cow quite recovered, and showing her sleek and dappled coat among her mates; and before a week, she was giving her usual, or rather unusual, quantity of delicious milk.

Of course, this little affair won for us even more of the good will of these good people, and larger plums and rarer apricots, and, if possible, more fragrant strawberries, and cream in which the spoon stood alone, to say nothing of the smiling faces of our hosts, to whom their treasure was so unexpectedly restored, were some of the rewards we reaped from our first essay in cow doctoring.

L.

Woman Suffrage in San Francisco.

We are indebted to a friend in San Francisco for copies of the *Daily Alta California* and *Evening Post*, giving reports of the late Woman Suffrage convention in that city. We make the following quotations. Some of them are rather Brete Harte-ish, but our readers will please remember that they come from the Pacific coast.

STATE FEMALE SUFFRAGE CONVENTION.

At a few minutes after ten, thirteen ladies, about a score of the tyrant sex, one small child, and the full quota of reporters, had gathered at Pacific Hall, and at the juncture when the awful stillness that fell upon the handful of people, who seemed swallowed up in the gloom of the great empty hall, appeared about to freeze out "the movement," Mrs. Snow, President of the San Francisco Association, called the Convention to order.

The real victims, those whose lives are rendered miserable by ill-assorted marriages, by drunken husbands, or by struggles with failing courage to support large families were not there. The ladies in the audience, none of them, bore evidences of conspicuous unhappiness because of the tyrant man, or for other cause; wore a comfortable air generally, and looked as though their only disappointment was that there was no audience present to hear *them* speak.

PLEDGING THE DELEGATES.

Mrs. Pitts Stevens offered a resolution, in which it was provided that every male member of the Convention should pledge himself not to vote for any person at any public election, unless he be in favor of Woman Suffrage, and to ignore all party principles in the consideration of this question; and pledging the ladies to use their utmost efforts to secure the influence of those in power.

THE MEN BOLT.

Judge Crane made a motion to lay the resolution on the table. He said he was a good Woman Suffrage man, but did not wish to be bound to ignore his own party, to which he was devoted. Woman Suffrage is a good thing, but it is not the best of all good things.

His example was generally followed by the men, and there was a great stir among the bolting members.

THE WOMEN CLINCH THE MATTER.

An exciting discussion followed. The ladies were determined to carry the point and compel the men, who had submitted to their toils, to vote just as they desired. It was a debate—the women on one side, and the men on the other.

Judge Crane arose and said:

Do you ladies desire to pass this resolution over our heads, and to compel us to vote as you please? or will you leave it to us, who are the interested parties? I call for the

AYES AND NOES.

The Secretary being absent, and a list of the members not being at hand, it was decided to end the matter *viva voce*.

HEN-PECKED IN CONVENTION.

The motion to lay the resolution on the table was lost. The original resolution was read again, and put to vote. The ladies all, "as one man," voted in the affirmative. Then a dozen or more base voices were heard crying out disconsolately, "No! no!"

The resolution was passed, and the women were jubilant at the victory. The men looked as though they wished they had never got themselves into such a kettle of fish.

A LIVE TARGET

Was set up yesterday for the Woman Suffragists to shoot at. Frank Pixley, who had been invited to address them the previous evening on the subject of "The Women of the Commune," had slopped over. He had been honest enough to say that he did not know anything about this Woman Suffrage movement, and that he was still an unconverted outsider. He defended man against the charge of intentional tyranny. His ideal of woman was set forth as a tender, consoling angel, the idol of his heart and the joy of his home. He said that it was because men were too chivalrous to permit their wives and daughters to hoe potatoes or pull the dirty political wires, that they desired to keep them out of politics and the hard lots of life. In general terms he expressed his preference for such as Florence Nightingale to such as Anna Dickinson and Susan B. Anthony.

This swas enough. Now there was a live man to fight. All the men in the Convention were so soft as to agree to everything; it was impossible to get up a quarrel with them.

FRANK PIXLEY WAS "CHAWED" UP

And spit out yesterday, to the infinite satisfaction of the vestal virgins and ambitious widows. It was such fun to drive a sharp-tongue right through Frank's gizzard. He was riddled and scalped, and finally his head was cut off and placed upon the bulwarks of woman's liberty, as a warning to all who should venture to "Shoot his mouth off" in their presence again.

THE SPEECHES.

Many of the ladies took part in the discussions, and some very spicy speeches were made. The public, however, are now pretty well posted on the line of argument almost invariably followed.

Woman Suffrage in Wyoming.

The *N. Y. Tribune*, of January 22, has an interesting letter from Cheyenne, giving some account of the workings of Woman Suffrage in Wyoming territory. Here are a few extracts:

The first action taken under this law, was the appointment of a female Justice of the Peace, who qualified and entered upon the duties of the office. For a time the position was somewhat embarrassing to the newly made Judge. Leaving law aside, she had no trouble in delivering her charges and sentences with grace and elegance. But when called to decide upon points of law, and the objections, exceptions, demurrers and pleadings of attorneys, who seemed to take a malicious delight in confusing and befogging the poor Justice, she was extremely embarrassed for law and law terms to express in technical language her views of the case. The lawyers would cite and submit authorities which the Justice would gravely examine before rendering decisions that form an interesting study to the student in search of the latest rulings and precedents. It is asserted by a malicious wag, that the lawyers were in the habit of asking an adjournment of court after the evidence was in, and the costs all made and fees received, and retiring to decide the suit by a game of seven-up, as the Judge always agreed with the last speaker, and allowed an interminable debate between counsel, regardless of the rules of opening and closing of arguments. Both could not speak last, and neither was willing to yield the advantage of the last word so dear to woman, and so powerful with this Judge.

After describing the exemplary performance of the Judge's duties, as housekeeper and mother, by her husband, the letter goes on:

In time, however, an event occurred which admitted of no substitution for maternal functions. The Court was compelled to adjourn. Couched in beautiful language, with a delicate blush overspreading her face, the Court announced that it was often permitted in older communities, to Judges to take a vacation during the heated term. Although the law of that Territory had no provision for such vacation, she trusted the good people of her district would graciously accord her a three weeks' recess, as the duties of her office had been laborious and trying during the first term. Being now more familiar with those duties, she hoped hereafter not to be compelled to ask such indulgence. Accordingly the Court would adjourn till three weeks from date. During this vacation, the jail was filled to overflowing, and criminals were allowed to go unarrested, no other justice residing in that district. The village became disorderly, and riot ran mad. Finally a new jail was extemporized to meet the demand, until her Honor could recover.

A PRIMARY WITH WOMEN VOTERS.

The first exercise of the great right of suffrage by the newly enfranchised, occurred at the primary called to nominate delegates to the Territorial Convention for the nomination of delegates to Congress in 1870. This was held at McDaniel's Theatre, in Cheyenne. The United States Marshal, and one of the United States Judges were candidates for the nomination of the Republican party. Partisan spirit, engendered by personal hatred, ran wild, and nearly every male voter in the city had been drawn into the quarrel between the rival candidates and their political friends. The result of this primary, virtually decided the Territorial election, and every effort was made by both parties to secure this delegation. The Democrats had not made their nomination, and used the most active exertion to secure the Marshal's nomination, as he was the weaker of the Republican candidates, and his nomination would secure the election of the Democratic candidate. The Democrats consequently promised the Marshal their support at the polls, and that they would not nominate a candidate if he secured the Republican nomination. By virtue of this profession, the Democrats, headed by the Marshal and his friends, prepared to fill the hall at an early hour, and demanded to vote in the caucus. The Judge's friends, anticipating this strategy, counted noses, and found they would be in the minority should they be unable to include Democratic voters. They at once and secretly formed a female reserve, which was held in readiness for an emergency. True to expectation, the Democrats and the Marshal's friends were on hand an hour before the time fixed. The Judge's friends, seeing they would be out voted on the question of admitting Democrats as members if compelled to submit the decision of the chair to the house, secretly introduced their company of female sharpshooters, through the dressing-room of the theater, and filled the stage with ladies.

THE LADIES CARRY THE PRIMARY.

At this moment the Chairman of the Republican County Committee, who was a Judge man, entered and immediately called the house to order, when the curtain rose and disclosed the stage filled with voters the Marshal's men had not dreamed of. Their surprise can be better imagined than described. They were taken completely off their feet, and before they could rally, the Judge's men got the floor and kept it until they had nominated and elected their entire ticket by acclamation.

On the day of election the ladies all went to the polls and ratified their former action. The Judge was elected, and to-day holds a seat in Congress as the first representative of a female constituency. With one exception, so far as I know, the ladies voted the same party ticket as did their husbands. Consequently the Judge has no occasion to flatter himself that he was above all others the choice of the ladies. On the other hand, many ladies refused to vote for him.

WOMEN AS JURORS.

Three days were occupied in taking testimony, and the evidence was nearly in when Mrs. H. was taken ill, and pronounced by her family physician too unwell to sit longer on the jury. Nature would assert itself, and Mrs. H. had to be excused, and another juror drawn in her stead. The testimony was all retaken for the benefit of the new juror, and when completed, a full week had been occupied in hearing this one case at an expense to the county of over $1,000. As to the prisoner, serious fears were entertained that he would die on the jury's hands, rather than wait the verdict. It is still an open question whether these jurors are not liable to indictment for inflicting upon a fellow-being "cruel and unusual punishment, contrary to the statute in such case made and provided." However, the prisoner survived a verdict of guilty in the first degree. It was then for the first time discovered that one of these jurors was not a citizen of the United States. In their modesty the counsel for the prosecution did not presume to ask such an impertinent question. The only course now was for the court to order a new trial. But the prisoner voluntarily offered to plead guilty to murder in the second degree, and accept a sentence of imprisonment for life, rather than endure another trial. This was accepted by the Court, and Noyes went to prison for life, rather than be tried a second time by a female jury. As to the husbands and children of these ambitious jurors, their case was truly heart-rending. During the entire week they could neither speak nor communicate with their loved and lost. At morning the doorways of the court room were crowded with disconsolate husbands and children waiting to catch a glimpse of their wives and mothers as the Sheriff brought the jury into court. At night they would linger to gaze at the retiring forms that once gladdened their homes and their hearts, as they were marched off by the Sheriff to the public hotel, to eat and spend the night together. One husband became uncontrollable, and asked the Judge to permit his wife to go home and see her children and spend the night once more. But the Judge was inexorable, and the poor husband returned alone to his desolated fireside to indict a withering review of the baneful results of Woman's Rights, which appeared in an evening paper on the following day. His argument was based upon the domestic impracticability of the system, and upon the divine announcement "it is not good for man to be alone."

During the entire week the ladies and gentlemen of the jury ate, drank and slept under the guard of the Sheriff; the ladies all in one room and the gentlemen in another communicating. The day on which the Court dismissed the jury, was one of rejoicing on the part of the afflicted. But home had lost its charms for their wives and mothers, whose hearts had been turned by the flattery of counsel, and their heads filled with vain ambitions. The following week was spent by these exemplary women upon the streets and in public places, telling what happened in the jury and what they knew about criminal law and the rules of evidence. They reminded one of a school-boy, with his first pair of red-topped boots, or Young America with his first cigar.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE IN UTAH.—The whole Mormon ticket was elected under the female suffrage law. A telegram from Salt Lake city says: "Crowds of Mormon women and children flocked to the polls and voted. It is believed the female vote was far in excess of the male. In the early part of the day the liberals worked hard, challenging the Mormons on the question of citizenship, and preventing hundreds of votes; but they soon found that their labor was useless. Even children were voting, and the liberals finally abandoned the election as a farce."

THE SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE "UNION PROTESTANT INFIRMARY," and THE SIXTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE "UNION ORPHAN ASYLUM," show increasing prosperity for these institutions. They report large donations and legacies, in addition to which, each had a share of $10,000 in the beneficent will of the late Mr. Lorman. These institutions, with the Aged Men's and Aged Women's Homes, reported in our last issue, are under the able administration of Miss Margaret Purviance, to whose remarkable ability and self-sacrificing perseverance they owe their existence.

"ELEVENTH ANNUAL REPORT OF THE WOMAN'S UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA FOR HEATHEN LANDS," FOR 1871. —The President of this Society is Mrs. T. C. Doremus, 48 East 21st street, New York. It has at present in the field, 30 Missionaries, 81 Bible readers and teachers, 60 schools, and 72 children supported by specific contributions. They have Missions in India, Burmah, Smyrna, China, Japan and Greece. Miss Brittan, who is at the head of the Zenana Mission in Calcutta, is known and loved by many of our readers, and not one, we are persuaded, of the thousands in this country who have listened to her earnest and eloquent appeals in behalf of the women of India, can forget her. Her descriptions of the Zenanas, and their beautiful but unfortunate occupants, especially the widows, gave an impulse to the Missionary spirit of women in this country, the results of which no human arithmetic can compute. We quote from the report.

A veteran missionary has recently said: "If ever woman had an opportunity of showing what she might become under the influence of civilization, where no Bible could interfere with her state, the women of India have had that opportunity, and now, after forty centuries of such experiment, what is woman there to-day?"

Public sentiment in India with regard to female education has wonderfully changed within the past few years. A "door of hope" is opening to the inmates of Zenanas, through which scattered beams of light fall here and there on wistful eyes and sad hearts. God in His love has made choice of consecrated women to push still wider this open door, and in the name of His dear Son to "bring them that sit in darkness out of the prison-house, that they may say to the prisoners, Go forth! and to them that are in darkness, Show yourselt."

The year 1871 has been marked by an act so thoroughly in accordance with the spirit and aim of our work that it cannot fail to be characterized as "a step in the right direction." On the 6th of September, Miss Seelye, of Cleveland, Ohio, Miss Seward, of Coxsackie, N. Y., and Miss Guthrie, of Philadelphia, sailed for India, the first two as Medical Missionaries, having had a thorough course of study and hospital practice to qualify them for their profession.

Literary Notices.

H. S. BARNES & CO., of New York, have issued new and beautiful editions of MRS. LINCOLN PHELPS's most popular works; they give a few selections from remarks of the press throughout the country:

"IDA NORMAN." $1.75.

"This work will increase in popularity, as it increases in age."—*Albany Spectator.*

"Few books combine, in an equal degree, the highest moral and religious sentiments with the highest dramatic interest."—*New York Recorder.*

"A most absorbing book."—*New York Mirror.*

"A work of no ordinary ability."—*Boston Transcript.*

"On the changes of character, caused by the discipline of life, turns the plot of this work; the reader, in tracing ideal developments of the actors in the drama, will find under the fascinating garb of fiction, a deep philosophy speaking by example."—*Emma Willard.*

"HOURS WITH MY PUPILS." $1.50.

"This book exhibits a thorough knowledge of girl-nature, with a fine comprehension of what is lovely and noble in womanhood."—*Springfield Republican.*

"The style is a model of graceful composition."—*Troy Times.*

"Mrs. Phelps has never written better; her counsels embrace the whole range of moral obligations."—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

"A work replete with entertaining and edifying contents."—*New Orleans Delta.*

"Mrs. Phelps has her soul in her work; these pages remind us of Dr. Arnold's "School-Days at Rugby."—*Philadelphia Evening Journal.*

"The author is a genial and safe guide."—*Detroit Tribune.*

"THE STUDENT, OR FIRESIDE FRIEND." $1.50.

This book was selected as one of the Massachusetts School Library by the Board of Education; republished by the Harpers with their Library of "*Select Reading.*"

"Nowhere else, save in France, do we find such works as 'The Fireside Friend,' emanating from a female pen; its value is recognized in England—several editions of it having appeared in London, one of which we have seen advertised as uniform with the works of Hannah More. This book not only evinces multifarious learning, but also a deep weight into the philosophy of teaching."—*National Quarterly Review.*

"These works have been before the public for several years, and have received *universal commendation.* Mrs. Phelps has long been a resident of our State, where she has labored with distinguished success as an educator, and acquired through merit of a rare order, a high position in the esteem of literary circles. We need not enter into a criticism of her books, as they have acquired a permanent foothold wherever sound views and a judicious regard for the needs of the unfolding intellect are correctly understood."—*Baltimore American.*

These books will be furnished on liberal terms to the trade; either one of the volumes will be sent to any address, post-paid, on receipt of price, or the three for $4.00.

A. S. BARNES & Co.,
111 and 113 *William St., New York.*

COTTAGE PIETY EXEMPLIFIED. By the author of "Union to Christ," "Love to God," etc. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott.

This little work of three hundred and sixteen pages gives an interesting history of the trials and struggles of a remarkable woman in maintaining her family during long years of widowhood. It is the story of a New England woman, and nowhere, save in New England, we imagine, could so much mental culture, good sense and true womanly heroism consist with such deep poverty. Struggling with her own hands to wrench from a sterile soil a subsistence for herself and her little ones, often fearing lest food and clothing should both fail; at times unable to gratify her desire to write to her absent children, because there was no money to buy paper or pay postage; she still labored most successfully as a Sabbath School teacher, kept a regular diary of the events of her life, wrote letters full of wise counsel and delicate admonition to her oldest son, whom she had sent away to college that he might be better fitted for the works of the Master, and was always the faithful friend and counsellor of her minister. Her efforts were rewarded by seeing her sons and daughters grow up to fill places of importance and respectability, and at last, dismissed from earthly labors, she went upward, leaving behind her a trail of living light. Many a poor widow might well take courage in reading this story of faith and trust under circumstances of the keenest trial. Of such she says: "I think widows are the most solitary persons in the world. They have the strongest reasons to rely on the promises. How often is my heart, as it is this day, ready to burst with grief! No friend is nigh to whom I can tell my sorrows; but God counts every tear."

We wish this book might be placed in every Sabbath School library in the land.

MALE AND FEMALE. A poem of sixteen pages. By Dr. Wm. B. Slawson, Des Moines, Iowa. The male and female considered in natural relations, showing the duties of each in conformity with organization, and maintaining that Woman Suffrage is impracticable, and would result, if attained, in untold evil and misery.

This poem is written in an interesting manner, and handles the subject with great ability. We give a short extract as a specimen of the style, and advise our readers to order the pamphlet from the author. Single copy 15 cents; $1.25 per doz.

"O, politicians! vainly you rely
On helping hands that have no strength to ply:
Nor, yet have counsel, only to bewich,
Lest, haply, you might see, and shun the ditch?
Where blind devotion to a woman's call,
Will sink you, loathsome in a hopeless fall!

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The Ohio Woman Suffrage Convention closed a protracted session in this city a few days ago. Mrs. Swisshelm was the leading spirit. The meetings were very slimly attended, and nothing was seen or heard during any session creating either interest or enthusiasm. One evening, after Mrs. Swisshelm's oration, she asked if any male citizen was present who was opposed to woman suffrage; if so, she would like to have him stand up and give his reason. To the surprise of nearly every person present, the serious-minded Chaplain of the Ohio Penitentiary arose. Some one on the platform hinted to Mrs. Swisshelm his calling and position, when Mrs. Swisshelm inquired if he had any women in the Penitentiary? "Yes," responded the Chaplain, "we have twelve, and they make more trouble than the whole nine hundred men!" The woman suffrage movement here is in a comatose state. The women of Ohio are very generally happy at home.—*N. Y. Times.*

IN Boston, a number of ladies of high social position, have formed an association called "The Woman's Education Association." This organization is not in the interest of "woman's rights," in the present acceptation of the term, but hold conservative views with regard to women's "sphere," and the mixed education of the sexes.

THE TRUE WOMAN.

EDITED BY MRS. CHARLOTTE E. McKAY.

AN ANTI-WOMAN SUFFRAGE PAPER, PUBLISHED MONTHLY.

BALTIMORE—FIFTY CENTS PER ANNUM.

The TRUE WOMAN opposes Woman Suffrage on the ground that its tendency would be to degrade woman—since in clothing her with political power and eminence, it would deprive her of privileges, immunities, and influence more ennobling and more important, and involve her in duties and responsibilities for which she is not, and by the laws of her nature, never can be fitted.

☞ All communication addressed to the Editor.

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